Tulsi Sahib: The Hidden Flame of Hathras

In the Great Tradition of the Masters

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A Biography of Light, Renunciation,
and the Invisible Lineage
that Shaped the Path of the Saints

Epigraph (Optional, but perfect)

"The Master-power is not a person
but a stream of awakening
flowing quietly through the ages."
— from the teachings of the Great Tradition

A Stream of Light Moving Through Ages

There are moments in human history when certain souls appear not as isolated figures, but as expressions of a single continuous Power — a river of awakening flowing through time. Saints have long said: the path of realization is not created anew with each Teacher, but is carried by **the Masters**, generation after generation, like a flame passed from lamp to lamp so it never goes out.

This is the Great Tradition.

It has no beginning and no ending.
It rises wherever the human heart cries out for truth.
It steps into the world whenever the world has forgotten the inner path.
It lives through many bodies, many names, many voices.
It is one Power, one Light, one Sound — expressed through countless Masters across the ages.

The Masters do not come to found religions.
They come to awaken souls.

But human beings, longing for certainty, often turn mystic schools into religions — fossilized echoes of once-living truth. The Masters do not condemn this; they simply continue their work through new forms, new bodies, new eras, so that the living connection to the inner Power does not fade from the earth.

What the Masters embody cannot die,
because that Power is not the body.
It is the Sound-Current, the Shabd, the Nam — the eternal Reality that flows through all awakened beings.

The Masters appear in many guises:
a farmer in one age,

a warrior in another,
a poet, a weaver, a sage, a wandering ascetic,
a prince who leaves a throne,
a humble soul in a quiet hut.

Their outer lives differ.
Their inner work is one.

Kabir, Nanak, Dariya Sahib, Dadu, Paltu, Tulsi Sahib, Swami Ji Maharaj, Jaimal Singh Ji, Sawan Singh Ji —
these are not separate movements or isolated revelations.
They are waves of one ocean.
They are chapters of one book.
They are breaths of one Power.

Wherever such a Master lives,
the land around them becomes sanctified.
A hut becomes a temple.
A riverbank becomes a scripture.
A village becomes a pilgrimage.
Not because the place is holy,
but because the Presence that awakened there
leaves an imprint on the earth.

This is why stories of the Masters matter:
they reveal the rhythm of that eternal Power —
how it manifests, how it guides,
how it calls the soul home.

To follow the life of any one Master
is to touch the current that flows through them all.

Tulsi Sahib of Hathras —
the poet of the inner Sound, the quiet renunciant,
the one the North called “Dakhani Baba” —
is a luminous link in this unbroken chain of grace.

His life is not merely an episode of history.
It is a chapter in the Great Tradition.
It is the song of a soul called by God
and shaped by Masters who came before him.

To understand him is to glimpse the river behind all Masters.
To walk with him is to sense how the same Power
moves through every awakened heart.
To hear his story is to hear a reflection of your own.

The Great Tradition is not of the past.
It is alive wherever a seeker begins to listen.

And so we open the book —
not to study history,
but to remember the living Power
that calls to all of us.

CHAPTER ONE

The Palace of Two Silences

Birth, Atmosphere, and the First Stirring of Destiny

The Night Before Dawn

Before the first parakeet cried and before the faint saffron of sunrise touched the stone battlements, the palace of Poona held a silence older than memory. Courtyards lay in cool shadow; carved balconies clutched the last blue of night; oil lamps flickered in arched corridors, sending long wavering reflections across polished black stone floors.

In the women’s wing, the fragrances of jasmine, sandalwood, and coconut oil lingered like the warmth of departing dreams. In the men’s quarters, a faint metallic scent—steel, brass, and oiled leather—hung in the air as a quiet reminder of lineage and the weight of duty. Beyond the palace walls, the twin rivers Mula and Mutha stirred under the dark sky, and the first vendors in the bazaar coughed themselves awake.

This was Poona in the late 1700s:
a city of power and ritual, brilliance and fatigue, gravity and tenderness.

And into this world, a child arrived whose destiny would not remain within its walls.

Every soul enters a world that cannot yet reveal its purpose.
Even in the cradle, destiny whispers its first, faint breath.

A Birth Carried in Silence

Tradition remembers him as **Shyam Rao**.
Maharashtrian accounts whisper the name **Amrit Rao**, grandson of Peshwa Baji Rao I.
But time, softened by devotion, allows only shadows of certainty.

What endures is this:

He was born into **Maratha Brahmin nobility**, into a lineage steeped in governance, ritual, and the unbroken discipline of the Peshwa court. The palace expected him to inherit responsibility. The elders expected him to inherit command. Tradition expected him to inherit destiny.

But even in infancy, those who held him sensed a different rhythm:
a quiet watchfulness, a calm that did not belong to the world around him.

Sometimes the soul’s direction is older than the body.

Sometimes a newborn already remembers what the world has forgotten.

The Two Silences of the Palace

The palace was home to two silences.

The first was **outer**:
the disciplined hush of guards in courtyard shadows,
the reverent quiet around temple alcoves before dawn offerings,
the stillness that follows great decisions as they settle over polished floors.

The second was **inner**:
a deeper quiet that gathered around the child like moonlight on still water.
He did not cry loudly.
He did not demand or clamor.
He watched.

He watched the way morning light spilled across stone;
the way prayer chants drifted through half-open doors;
the way neem leaves rustled in the breeze of the river.

Even in childhood, he seemed to cradle a larger world within himself
than the world that cradled him.

The world outside teaches survival.
The world inside teaches truth.

A Child Apart

As he grew, the difference crystalized.

He listened more than he spoke.
He wandered the palace gardens alone, drawn to quiet corners where fountains whispered to no one in particular. He avoided the rapid pulse of palace politics, the buzzing conversations that swirled around rank and rivalry.

Where other boys mastered swordplay and horseback riding,
he found himself lingering at gateways where wandering ascetics rested.
He absorbed their stories of remote shrines, hidden caves, and the mysteries of the inner world—not with the curiosity of a child, but with the recognition of someone who had tasted such truths before.

His father noticed.
A man of devotion, he admired the boy’s inwardness.
But he also feared it.
For kingdoms depend on heirs
and heirs must remain within the world.

Yet the boy moved as if he were already listening to something deeper,
something just beyond hearing.

There are moments when the world’s demands clash with a quieter calling.
The struggle is not between duty and rebellion, but destiny and expectation.

The Palace as School

His early years unfolded in two currents.

One current was outer:
the expected training of a noble child—
scriptural study,
the disciplines of language and statecraft,
the gestures of rank,
the measured practice of authority.

The second current was inner:
the hush of dawn courtyards,

the hum of distant temple bells,
the sight of birds rising over the river,
the gradual revelation that something inside him was larger
than anything his tutors could define.

With time, these two currents drew apart.
His mind learned the lessons of the world.
But his heart pursued the murmur of another realm —
a realm felt, not taught.

Even before our feet move, the traveler within begins walking toward what it loves.

The Two Worlds Within Him

By young adulthood, the division was unmistakable.

The world he was born into:
power, lineage, wealth, ritual, political destiny.

The world his soul leaned toward:
silence, truth, inwardness, renunciation,
the unstruck Sound,
the pull toward God.

He lived with one foot in the world of duty
and one in the world of longing.

And little by little,
the world of longing began to outweigh the world of duty.

All seekers reach a moment when one world begins to dissolve
and another begins to take shape within them.

The Marriage That Could Not Bind Him

Obedient to tradition, he entered marriage.
The ceremony was graceful, the blessings sincere.
A son was born, and the palace rejoiced.

But the threads that bind a man to household life
never found a place to grip within him.

He was present, but with a distance that no one could name.
He fulfilled his duties gently,
yet his soul remained untouched by the web of expectation.

Each day, the palace closed around him like a net.
Each day, the inner fire burned stronger.
Each day, renunciation ripened.

The soul moves toward God the way a flame moves toward air.
When longing deepens, ordinary life becomes too small to contain it.

The Coronation That Never Came

At last, his father—tired from the burdens of rule, quietly yearning for spiritual release—prepared to pass the throne to him.

The coronation date was fixed.
Astrologers calculated auspicious hours.
Ministers rehearsed their roles.
Jewels were polished until they gleamed like captive stars.
Sacred robes were laid out.
The palace thrummed with certainty.

But destiny had drifted elsewhere.

On the night before the coronation,
as torches flickered along the ramparts
and the city slept beneath the weight of expectation,
he walked away from the palace like a drop of rain slipping from a leaf—
silent, unhurried, inevitable.

No guard saw him go.
No horse was taken.
He simply stepped out of his own life.

By dawn, confusion reigned.
By noon, his younger brother stood in the coronation robes.
The kingdom received a ruler.
But a seeker received freedom.

When the inner command arrives, no throne can hold a soul already in motion.

A Prince Without a Name

Once on the road, he shed not only the throne but the very idea of identity.

Perhaps he traveled under the name **Shyam Rao**, an easy disguise for a man who wished to remain unseen.

Perhaps his true name lay folded in silence like a forgotten prayer.

Perhaps he walked nameless altogether, answering only to the direction of the wind.

It did not matter.

Names belong to the world.
He now belonged to the search.

One day the people of Hathras would call him **Dakhani Baba**.
One day thousands would call him **Tulsi Sahib**.

But in these early wanderer years,
he was known only to the dust beneath his feet.

We become most ourselves when we let go of who we were told to be.

The Unseen Search

Though he did not yet speak of Masters,
something in him was already turning
toward the One who would awaken the path within.

Long before a disciple finds the Master,
the Master begins shaping the disciple from afar.

His steps northward were not stray wanderings.
They were the answering of a call older than memory.

The journey had begun.

The soul moves toward its Teacher
as rivers move toward the sea.

INTERLUDE

The Five Stations of Awakening

Where the Wanderer Touched the Land, and the Land Touched Him

For those who walk the inner path,
the outer world becomes a teacher.

Not merely through scriptures or sages,
but through places —
landscapes shaped by the tapasya of ancient seekers,
fields softened by prayer,
rivers widened by myth,
forests deepened by silence.

Such places are not merely locations.
They are **imprints**.
They are **silent companions** on the road
that leads a wanderer into himself.

The young seeker who had walked away from Poona
crossed five such landscapes before destiny carried him north.
Each one prepared him in ways the world could not see,
but his soul recognized.

Here are those five stations —
the sacred geography of his awakening.

I. Nashik — The First Unbinding

Banks of the Godavari, Where Renunciation Begins

Outer Landscape

In the late 1700s, Nashik was a city of soft hills and river wind,
where the Godavari flowed broad and patient
beneath a sky that carried the scent of monsoon clouds.

The land was stony in places,
but softened by vineyards, lotus-filled tanks,
and banyan trees whose roots gripped the earth
like wise old hands.

Pilgrims walked barefoot toward Panchavati,
where the river curved around ancient ghats
blackened by centuries of oil lamps and ablutions.

Cultural-Historical Life

The Nashik of this period moved slowly —
merchants weighing raisins in brass scales,
priests chanting at the river edge,
women carrying water in terracotta pots
with the quiet grace of inheritance.

In market squares, Marathi mingled with Sanskrit recitations,
and the smell of jaggery, ghee, and roasted gram drifted through the air.

It was a city where the past had not yet withdrawn.
Stories of Rama’s exile still hung around Panchavati
like an invisible canopy.

Spiritual Imprint

Nashik had long been a seat of austerity.
Rishis of old had performed penance near the river.
Renunciants gathered at Trimbakeshwar,
where the source of the Godavari descended from the mountain.

The very soil carried the resonance of seekers
who had sought release from the cycles of birth and death.

Here, renunciation did not feel like rejection;
it felt like return.

Impact on Tulsi Sahib

For the young wanderer,
Nashik was the **first place** where the separation from his old life
felt complete.

He walked the river steps before dawn,
watching men and women bow to the water,
each carrying their own unspoken prayers.

He was no longer a prince.
He was no longer a householder.
He was simply one more soul
washing the dust of the world from his feet.

It was here he first sensed the beautiful anonymity of pilgrimage —
a freedom he had not known in Poona.

Renunciation begins not with losing the world,
but with being held by something older than the world.

II. Ellora — The Mountain of Stone and Silence

Caverns Carved by Centuries of Devotion

Outer Landscape

Ellora rose out of the land like a vast dream
hardened into stone.
Caves carved into hillsides,
pillars emerging from rock as though the mountain itself
had grown into sacred geometry.

The air smelled of dust, shadow, and ancient water seepage.
At dawn, the first light entered the caves like a slowly unfolding prayer.

Parrots shrieked from nearby trees,
and small monkeys leapt along the ledges
as though they too were guardians of the place.

Cultural-Historical Life

In Tulsi Sahib’s time, Ellora was not a tourist site.
It was a place where monks had once lived,
where traders from the north rested,
where wandering yogis took shelter from the monsoon.

Saffron robes and ochre cloth still appeared in the early mornings.
Buddhist and Shaivite sadhus, though fewer than in earlier ages,
maintained a quiet presence.

The locals respected the caves
not as ruins
but as resting grounds of truth.

Spiritual Imprint

For centuries, these caves had echoed
with the chants of monks and the breath of ascetics.

The vibrations of their austerities
clung to the stone like the scent of incense refusing to fade.

Silence here was not emptiness.
It was density —
a palpable presence.

Impact on Tulsi Sahib

In the vast hall of Kailasha temple,
he felt the weight of something immense —
not history,
but inner spaciousness.

He sat in small stone chambers
and allowed the darkness to settle into him
the way a river settles into its bed.

He did not search for visions.
He did not imitate sadhus.
He listened.

And in that listening,
a deeper listening awoke.

He left Ellora with a quieter mind,
as though a great stone had been lifted from the heart.

Sacred places do not create silence;
they reveal the silence already waiting within us.

III. The Narmada Valley — The River of Austerity

Where the Land Teaches Endurance, and Endurance Reveals Truth

Outer Landscape

The Narmada is unlike any river in India.
Its waters are heavy, deep, and blue-grey,
carving their way through basalt cliffs and sacred groves.

In the late 18th century,
its banks were alive with wildlife —
peacocks crying through the dusk,
wild deer moving like shadows between trees,
the ever-present hum of insects rising at twilight.

Pilgrims walked long distances along its banks,
seeking darshan of ancient shrines
or merely seeking to reach the next village before sundown.

Cultural-Historical Life

The valley was known as India’s “walking pilgrimage.”

Sadhus performed the **parikrama** —
a years-long circumambulation of the entire river.

Villagers revered the Narmada
as a mother
and as a teacher.

Small ghats, half-collapsed temples,
and stone platforms built by forgotten kings
lined the river like markers in a long, winding text.

Food was simple —
millet rotis, sour tamarind, boiled lentils,
fresh water pulled from deep stone wells.

Spiritual Imprint

The Narmada was not gentle.
It stripped those who walked beside it —
of illusions, of pride, of attachments.

The river demanded endurance.
And endurance revealed truth.

Impact on Tulsi Sahib

Walking along the Narmada,
the wanderer experienced the austerity of the road
in its purest form.

Long stretches without shelter.
Nights spent under trees.

Physical hunger.
Inner clarity.

It was here he discovered
that hardship, when willingly embraced,
becomes a cleansing fire.

By the time he reached the northern end of the valley,
he had crossed an inner threshold
that no palace training could have taught him.

The body tires; the soul awakens.
The river teaches both.

IV. Ujjain — The City Where Time Pauses

Mahakal’s Threshold and the Wisdom of the Ancients

Outer Landscape

Ujjain stood among gentle hills
washed by the Shipra River,
its ghats glowing with the flames of countless evening lamps.

Narrow lanes wound past shrines,
markets shimmered with indigo cloth and brass vessels,

and the air carried the scent of ghee, tulsi leaves,
and the morning conch.

Cultural-Historical Life

In Tulsi Sahib’s time,
Ujjain was still a center of jyotish and philosophical debate.
Scripture scholars recited from memory,
and visitors from distant regions came
to consult astronomers
who calculated the movements of planets
with astonishing precision.

It was a city of both scholarship and devotion —
where deep thought and deep prayer
walked the same streets.

Spiritual Imprint

This was Mahakal’s city —
the abode where seekers confronted impermanence
and the shadow of eternity.

It was a place where saints had debated,
where yogis had practiced breath-retention for decades,
and where silent ascetics sat in stone niches
observing the world like passing seasons.

Impact on Tulsi Sahib

For the wanderer,
Ujjain offered not austerity,
but contemplation.

He listened to scholars disputing subtle truths.
He watched pilgrims bow their heads
before Mahakal’s dark, ancient sanctum.

In this city,
he sensed the dance of time —
and the stillness beneath it.

He left Ujjain not with new teachings,
but with a deeper conviction
that the truth he sought
was not found in argument
but in experience.

The mind seeks answers;
the soul seeks awareness.

V. Gwalior & the Chambal Belt — The Last Wilderness

Where Solitude Becomes a Teacher, and Silence a Companion

Outer Landscape

North of the Narmada,
the land changed.
The forests grew denser,
the hills steeper,
the paths more uncertain.

This was the Chambal belt —
ravines carved by wind and time,
grasslands dotted with acacia trees,
a landscape both harsh and breathtaking.

Gwalior itself rose with its massive fort,
a mountain of stone carrying layers of forgotten dynasties.

Cultural-Historical Life

Few saints passed through these regions
without purpose.

Bandits, recluses, and reformed yogis
roamed the forest edges.
Villagers lived simply, cautiously,
their lives intertwined with the land’s moods.

Travelers shared sparse shelters,
ate coarse rotis baked on iron plates,
and slept close to the earth
listening to the night wind.

Spiritual Imprint

This was a place where
comfort was impossible
and solitude unavoidable.

Many renunciants came here
not to join a community
but to escape even the company of pilgrims.

Silence here had weight.
It pressed against the soul
until all false supports crumbled.

Impact on Tulsi Sahib

This final wilderness
tested the young wanderer’s resolve.

He learned to be alone without loneliness.
He learned to carry silence within him
the way others carried weapons or food.

He crossed the Chambal belt
not merely as a traveler
but as someone being prepared.

By the time he descended from these ravines
toward the open plains of the north,
the prince of Poona had vanished completely.

Only a seeker remained.

When solitude becomes a companion,
the soul is nearly ready for the Master.

CHAPTER THREE

The Northern Light

The Approach to Hathras — Footsteps Drawn by an Invisible Hand

Crossing into the Northern Plains

After years of wandering through forests, river-valleys, and sacred hills,
the young seeker descended from the rugged Chambal landscape
into the open expanse of northern India.

The terrain changed.

The dense ravines gave way to wide fields of wheat and gram,
to dusty roads marked by bullock-cart tracks,
to groves of mango and neem whose leaves shimmered in the heat.

The air grew warmer, thinner, calmer.
Villages stood closer together,
their mud walls washed with cow dung and lime,
their courtyards ringing with the calls of children
and the clang of metal vessels being scrubbed at wells.

Northern India opened before him
like a book written in earth and wind.

When the outer landscape widens,
the inner horizon begins to reveal itself.

The Roads of Uttar Pradesh

In the late 1700s,
these roads were arteries of life:

Caravans from the west carrying indigo and salt.
Pilgrims moving toward river shrines.
Sanyasis journeying between akharas.
Merchants rolling spices in cloth bundles.
Villagers herding goats across common grazing lands.

The seeker passed quietly among them,
one more figure in the stream of humanity.

He traveled without haste.
Without attachment.
Without destination—
or so it appeared.

But something within him had begun to sense a direction
that was not geographical.

It was a pull,
subtle but unmistakable,
like a thread drawn through the heart.

The feet walk the roads;
the soul walks the calling.

The Towns That Whispered of the North

He passed through towns whose names
had echoed with the footsteps of saints:

Bareilly with its Sufi shrines and perfume markets.
Farrukhabad with its river ghats and wrestling akharas.
Etawah with its wide plains shimmering under summer sun.
Kannauj, ancient city of attars, carrying the very breath of devotion.

Each place carried a fragment of something familiar—
a resonance that did not come from any one tradition,
but from the great river of spirituality
that had washed through northern India for centuries.

He did not stay long in these places.
He was listening for something deeper—
not the echo of devotion,
but the birthplace of destiny.

When the seeker nears the place of meeting,
the air itself begins to change.

Signs Without Names

There were no visions.
No prophetic dreams.
No voices speaking from the sky.

The signs were quieter.

A sense of gentleness when he walked east.
A pull in the chest when he turned toward certain roads.
A strange ease in the body
when the direction was right.

At times he felt a deep familiarity
with landscapes he had never seen before—
fields of mustard,
shrines shaded by ancient peepal trees,
villages bordered by sugarcane.

He did not know why.
He did not need to.

The soul recognizes its destination
long before the mind understands its significance.

The River of Seekers

Northern India had always been a crossroads of mystics.

Here, wandering ascetics walked barefoot for decades.
Here, fakirs from Persia and Afghanistan
recited the poetry of saints by firelight.
Here, Vaishnav bhaktas sang through the night
in temple courtyards scented with incense and marigold.

Stories of enlightened ones
bled into each other like colors on damp cloth:

Saints who saw inner Light as easily as others see dawn.
Wanderers who heard the unstruck Music.
Householders who attained realization
while tending fields or grinding grain.
Poets whose verses were born from direct inner experience.

These tales floated like invisible threads in the air—
threads that began to weave around him
as he traveled deeper into the region.

When one approaches a field of Masters,
the unseen stories of their lives begin to speak on the wind.

Narrowing of the Path

As he traveled, the world seemed to narrow around him
to a corridor of destiny.

The distractions of travel loosened their grip.
The outer journey grew simpler,
but the inner one intensified.

He found himself sleeping less,
not from restlessness
but from a deepening clarity.

Some nights he sat under neem trees
listening to the vast quiet of the plains,
feeling as though the silence itself
was guiding him.

He no longer felt alone.
Not fully.

Something walked with him.
Something not yet seen
but already known.

When destiny draws near,
the soul becomes its own companion.

The Turning Toward Hathras

Though he had no map,
no instruction,
no teacher in physical form,
his steps began to align
toward a small, unremarkable region
few in the world had heard of:

Hathras.

A place of dust roads and fields.
A place of ordinary lives and simple shrines.
A place without the grandeur of Nashik,
the majesty of Ellora,
the philosophical sheen of Ujjain.

But spiritual greatness
rarely chooses celebrated places.
It chooses quiet ones—
places where the hidden can be revealed
without distraction.

He felt the pull more strongly now,
as though every step north-east
was a step toward a meeting long overdue.

The place of destiny is rarely spectacular;
its greatness lies in what it prepares the heart to receive.

Foreshadowing the Master-Power

The seeker had not yet met the Masters.
He had not yet stepped into the hut in Jogiya.
He had not yet heard the teachings
that would blaze through North India
in the years to come.

But the **Master-Power**
had already begun shaping him
through the land he crossed,
the silence he absorbed,
the solitude he learned to carry.

Every day of the journey
was a lesson.
Every step
was a preparation.

He was being refined,
emptied,

softened,
illuminated from within
so that the meeting with the Masters
would not be an event—
it would be a recognition.

And he felt it now,
like a warmth rising from the depths of his being.

Something was near.

Something long awaited.

Something that would change the course of his life
and the lives of thousands after him.

The Masters are not found by seeking;
they reveal themselves when the seeker is ready.

INTERLUDE

Hathras — The Village of Destiny

The Land Chosen, the Land Prepared, the Land Remembered

Before Tulsi Sahib spoke a single word of his poetry,
before he gathered disciples,
before the hut in Jogiya became a beacon of the inner Sound,

there was the quiet, unhurried arrival
into a small, unremarkable northern village.

History does not record *why* he settled in Hathras.
No royal edict summoned him.
No lineage required it.
No public invitation called him.

But saints do not choose places by chance.
They are drawn by unseen currents
long before the world knows their names.

To understand Tulsi Sahib’s life,
one must understand the land he chose —
for a saint settles only where
something ancient, unfinished, or destined
awaits the final touch.

Hathras in the Late 1700s–Early 1800s

A Meeting Point of Roads and Quiet Lives

Outer Geography

Hathras was a modest settlement in those days,
surrounded by wide fields of wheat, barley, and mustard
that turned gold under the sun.

The land was flat, open, unpretentious —
a landscape without grandeur,

yet with a kind of stillness
that touched the heart without effort.

Earthen lanes wound between clusters of mud-brick homes
washed with cow dung and lime.
Courtyards held neem trees that gave shade
in the unbearable heat of summer.
At dawn, the air carried the scent of wet earth
and smoke from early cooking fires.

The skies were broad,
uninterrupted by hills or temples,
and the wind crossed the plains
like a silent traveler.

Hathras did not impress the eye.
It hushed the mind.

Cultural & Social Life

Life here moved at a gentle pace.

Bullock carts creaked along dusty roads.
Women ground millet on stone querns
as their bangles clinked rhythmically.
Potters shaped clay vessels
that dried in the afternoon sun.
Children ran barefoot through narrow lanes
with clay whistles and marbles.

Farmers walked to the fields with sickles
strapped to their cotton waistcloths.

The sounds were simple:
goats bleating,
earthen pots clanking,
the monotone of vendors calling prices
for jaggery, ghee, onions, and lentils.

There was no courtly atmosphere here,
no scholarly debates,
no monuments of empire —
just quiet, hardworking people
living close to the earth.

And yet,
beneath this simplicity
was a hidden pulse.

For Hathras, though outwardly ordinary,
lay at a nexus of ancient footpaths
used by wandering ascetics for centuries.

The Spiritual Landscape

Before Tulsi Sahib arrived,
Hathras was already a place
where mystics passed through unnoticed.

Most did not stay.
They paused for a night,

slept under trees,
bathed in the village wells,
recited scripture aloud as they moved on.

Some villagers said
that on certain mornings
the air felt unusually still at the outskirts,
as if a quiet blessing had been left there.

The land carried an old softness,
an inwardness,
a spaciousness of spirit.

It was not a seat of learning.
It was not a center of power.
It was, instead,
the kind of place
where truth could take root
without noise.

Saints choose silence
over spectacle.

And Hathras had silence
in abundance.

The Hidden Lineage

Tradition in North India holds
that certain regions carry “hidden chains” of saints
—

figures who live as farmers, potters, shepherds,
completely unknown to the world,
and yet established inwardly
in the highest regions.

Such saints initiate
only a handful of souls
— sometimes only one —
and then pass from the world
without trace.

Baba Ram Singh Ji spoke of this
with quiet authority,
explaining that
the earth is never without Perfect Beings,
though the world does not recognize them.

These hidden saints choose places like Hathras
for reasons the mind cannot decipher
but the soul can.

They settle where the spiritual atmosphere is receptive,
where the soil has subtle readiness,
where karma permits the flowering of truth
in complete obscurity.

It is entirely possible —
and inwardly harmonious with Tulsi Sahib’s life —
that Hathras contained
one such hidden Master

whose presence
drew him northward.

This was not a place chosen by accident.
It was prepared
long before Tulsi Sahib’s footsteps
touched its dust.

Why Hathras Called to Him

A saint feels the pull of destiny
not through reasoning
but through resonance.

Tulsi Sahib had walked through cities of
scholarship,
mountains of austerity,
rivers of penance,
valleys of silence.

Yet none of these held him.

Hathras —
a small, unadorned village —
held him effortlessly.

It was not the landscape.
It was not the people.
It was not opportunity or beauty.

It was the **inner call**.

Here the silence was pure.
Here the karmic field was ready.
Here the hidden current flowed strongest.
Here the Master-Power waited.

He could not have explained it.
But as he walked into Hathras,
a strange peace rose in him
like water rising in a well.

Something in the land
recognized him.
Something in him
recognized the land.

This is how saints choose their place:

By recognition,
not by choice.

Impact on Tulsi Sahib

Hathras gave him what the years of wandering prepared him for:

- **a place to root his silence**
- **a field ready for awakening**
- **a location chosen not by intellect, but by destiny**

- **a hidden lineage waiting quietly**

In the quiet lanes of this village,
his wandering became stillness.
His searching became listening.
His longing became readiness.

And soon,
very soon,
the inner door would open
and the Master-Power he had sought
through forests, deserts, and river valleys
would reveal itself.

Not in a palace.
Not in a cave.
Not in a famed holy city.

But here —
in Hathras.

Saints do not choose places;
the place chooses the saint —
long before the saint arrives.

CHAPTER FOUR

The Hidden Master of the Unknown Wilderness

The Meeting Before Hathras — A Glance That Opened Eternity

I will now write it in full,
with the same voice and atmosphere as Chapters 1–3,
with centered reflections,
with inner–outer weaving,
and without naming the Master.

This chapter will become the **hinge of the entire biography**.

Here it is:

CHAPTER FOUR

The Hidden Master of the Unknown Wilderness

The Glance That Opened the Inner Sky

The Land Between Two Worlds

Before reaching Hathras,
somewhere between the northern plains and the last folds of the Chambal ravines,
the seeker passed through a stretch of wilderness that even villagers hesitated to enter without need.

It was neither forest nor desert,
neither village nor proper road.

It was a land of thorn bushes, scattered acacia trees,
occasional pools of rainwater,
and winding paths made by grazing cattle.

The sun fell differently here—
as though slowed by the silence.

The wind moved as if carrying a memory.
Birdsong decreased.
The world thinned.

This was a place where footsteps became more audible than thought.

When the outer world empties,
the inner world begins to speak.

A Clearing Without Name

He had been walking for hours
beneath a sky bleached by the late-afternoon heat,
when the wilderness opened suddenly
into a small clearing.

Nothing remarkable marked the place.

A fallen tree trunk.
A few rocks arranged as if once used for prayer.
Dry grass murmuring in the wind.

But the air felt different—
as if the land itself had been waiting
for this exact moment.

The seeker paused.

He did not know why.

He only knew
that silence had settled upon the clearing
like an unseen canopy.

The One Sitting in the Shade

Under the shade of a lone acacia tree,
a figure sat.

He wore no saffron robes.
No beads.
No marks of renunciation or lineage.

His clothes were dusty,
simple,
the kind worn by herdsmen or traveling
mendicants.

He might have been mistaken
for an ordinary villager
resting at day's end.

He sat still—
not meditating,

not observing,
not performing any outward practice.

Simply *present.*

Like a stone that had forgotten to be a stone,
or the sky that had taken human form for a
moment.

The seeker approached,
drawn not by reason
but by recognition.

He did not know this man.
Yet some part of him
had known him always.

The man lifted his face.

Their eyes met.

Just once.

Just for a breath.

But in that glance
the entire wilderness changed.

The wind fell silent.
The hard earth softened.
The sky seemed to expand without moving.

Everything outward dimmed.
Everything inward opened.

The true Master does not reveal Himself through words,
but through recognition.

The Outward Meeting That Was Hardly a Meeting

There were no words.

No blessings.
No questions.
No teachings exchanged.
No ceremonial invitation.
No ritual.

Only a glance.

A glance so gentle it might have been accidental.
A glance so complete it contained entire galaxies.
A glance that did not pierce,
but enveloped.

It was not communication.
It was communion.

The seeker felt something inside him
loosen,
shift,
awaken—

as though a door he never knew existed
had opened without sound.

He stood still, breath held,
unaware of time
or body
or journey.

When the man lowered his eyes again,
the world resumed its ordinary shape—
but the seeker
did not.

He bowed instinctively,
though the man had not asked for it.
He waited, unsure of what to do next.

The man did nothing.

And that nothing
was the initiation.

The Inner Revelation

That night,
after leaving the clearing
and walking until the sky turned violet with dusk,
he sat beneath a neem tree
to rest.

He closed his eyes.

And the inner world
opened.

Not with flashes
or visions
or celestial landscapes.

But with **Presence**.

A vast, luminous Presence
that filled the inner sky
with quiet radiance.

A hum arose—
subtle at first,
then deepening
into a Sound
that seemed to come from everywhere
and nowhere.

It was not a melody.
It was not a vibration.
It was not an experience.

It was recognition.

The Sound was him,
and not him.

The Light was not seen—
yet it was unmistakably there,
like the warmth of a hidden sun.

The Presence was not separate
from the glance he had received.
It was that glance
unveiling its true form.

He felt himself dissolving
into a stillness
older than the earth.

No fear.
No ecstasy.
No struggle.

Just a merging.

A returning.

A remembering.

He did not know how long it lasted.
But when he opened his eyes,
the stars above him
looked newly created.

And he knew—

He had been initiated.

Not by a man.
Not by a lineage.
But by the Power
that works through Masters

and through hidden saints
who walk the world unseen.

The true initiation is inward.
The outer meeting is only its shadow.

Why the Master Remained Hidden

Some Masters live for the world.
Some for a community.
Some for a chosen handful.

And some—
the rarest—
live hidden lives,
unknown to all but one or two souls
in an entire lifetime.

It is said
that such beings descend
not to teach,
but to prepare the ones
through whom teaching will later emerge.

They leave no trace
because their work
is not of the world.

The Master he met that day
was such a being.

He did not reveal a name
because names belong to the world.
He did not speak
because truth needed no words.
He did not remain visible
because his purpose
was already complete.

The glance was enough.

The work was done.

The Walk Toward Hathras Begins

When dawn broke the next morning,
the seeker rose with a new stillness within him.

He felt no elation.
No pride.
No sense of attainment.

Only clarity.

The wandering that had defined his life
was over.
The searching
was over.

He was now walking
not in pursuit,
but in purpose.

He did not know
where his feet would lead him next.
But the inner direction was unmistakable.

And soon,
very soon,
that inner certainty
would bring him to Hathras—

the place where
the outer silence of the village
and the inner silence of the Master-Power
would merge
into the radiance
that would become Tulsi Sahib.

When a hidden Master completes His work,
the land itself guides the disciple
to the place where he will flower.

CHAPTER FIVE

Hathras — The Hut of Radiance

Where Silence Became a Teaching and a Wanderer Became a Beacon

Arrival at the Village

He reached Hathras at midday,
when the sun poured its white fire over the plains
and the dust on the road shimmered as though lit from within.

The village lay quiet,
its earthen walls absorbing the heat,
its wells glinting faintly in the harsh light.

Women moved slowly through lanes carrying brass pots.
Children shaded their eyes to watch the stranger pass.
Goats slept in the shadows of low mud walls.

There was nothing unusual about Hathras that day.
Yet as he entered the village,
a subtle peace gathered around him
like a hand placed gently on the shoulder.

A peace that had nothing to do with the village itself
and everything to do with what was awakening within him.

One does not arrive at a destined place;
one awakens into it.

The First Nights in Hathras

He did not seek shelter in any home,
nor did he look for a teacher,
nor join any group of pilgrims or wanderers.

He slept on the outer edge of the village
underneath a neem tree,
his small cloth bundle serving as a pillow.

At dawn, he washed at a public well,
drank water cupped in his palm,
and walked the periphery of the village
where mustard fields brightened the horizon.

He spoke to no one.
No one spoke to him.

The villagers thought him
one more wandering ascetic
passing silently through.

But he was not passing through.
Something in his heart recognized Hathras
as the place where destiny roots itself
not by choice
but by resonance.

On the third morning,
he moved deeper into the village
and found a small, abandoned hut
at the edge of the groves near Jogiya.

He placed his bundle on the ground,
swept the floor with a branch,
and sat down.

He exhaled,
and the exhale carried
the last remnants of wandering.

He had arrived.

The Quiet Establishment

He did not declare himself a saint.
He did not gather seekers.
He did not quote scriptures.
He did not call disciples.

He simply lived.

He sat for long hours in meditation,
his breath merging with the wind,
his inner Sound deepening
into a steady, unbroken current.

Villagers passing by
felt a strange calm
settle on them
without knowing why.
Children who usually ran wild in the afternoons
grew quiet when they wandered near the hut.
Even the goats, it was said,

paused at the threshold
before moving on.

The presence in the hut
was not dramatic.
It was not forceful.

It was like the fragrance of sandalwood—
soft, steady, unmistakably there.

Where a saint settles,
the air itself changes its nature.

The First Visitor

The first visitor did not come for spiritual guidance.
He came because he had seen smoke rise
from the small clay stove behind the hut
and assumed a new laborer or traveler had moved in.

He carried a small pot of buttermilk
and a few millet rotis,
as villagers often shared with wanderers.

He approached the doorway
and saw the figure sitting inside—
a man neither old nor young,
dressed in simple cotton,

eyes half-closed,
spine straight like an unmoving flame.

The visitor said nothing.

Neither did he.

But something in the air
made the villager set down
not only the food he had brought
but his own worries,
his own restlessness,
his own sense of hurry.

He left walking more slowly
than he had arrived.

The next day
another villager came.
Then another.
Then a child.
Then a farmer.
Then a widow.

They came not because they sought a saint.
They came because the silence in the hut
felt like shade on a hot day.

A Presence Begins to Emerge

He did not teach.

But his presence taught.

People began noticing
that their minds felt lighter
after sitting near him.
Old quarrels lost their sharpness.
Activities seemed less burdensome.
Children listened more carefully
when he looked at them.

He did not speak words of wisdom.
He spoke only the language of stillness.

And stillness, in the presence of a realized soul,
becomes instruction.

True saints teach long before they speak.
Their silence is their first sermon.

The Humble Life of the Hut

Days passed.

He swept the hut each morning
with a simple reed broom.
He fetched water from the well.
He cooked whatever the villagers offered—
lentils, coarse rotis, boiled greens.

He accepted nothing more.
No offerings.
No comforts.
No invitations to stay in larger homes.

He refused all forms of recognition,
because recognition builds walls
around a saint
before truth has time to flower.

He walked the fields at dawn,
sat under the neem tree at dusk,
and in between
lived in the uninterrupted rhythm
of meditation.

His life was so ordinary
that one could easily miss
the extraordinary depth beneath it.

But the village
had begun to feel
an invisible blessing.

The Gathering Without Being Called

There comes a point
when the radiance of a realized soul
cannot remain hidden,
no matter how obscure the place
or how silent the life.

People from neighboring villages
began to notice a strange peace
in those who visited Hathras.

A few wandered to the hut out of curiosity.
Others came with their sorrows.
A few came because their dreams
had led them there.

He accepted all
but claimed none.

He listened.
He nodded.
Sometimes he said a single sentence.
Sometimes he said nothing.
Sometimes he simply looked.

But whatever he gave
was not in the words
but in the presence itself.

It was in Hathras
that the wanderer
became the Master
the world would later call
Tulsi Sahib.

Not through proclamation.
Not through lineage.
Not through succession.

But through **radiance**.

The Silent Birth of a Mission

Tulsi Sahib’s mission did not begin
with disciples or hymns or fame.

It began with a hut.
A village.
A clearing in the wilderness
where a hidden Master ignited his awakening.

It began with sandals left at the hut’s doorstep
by a farmer too ashamed to enter.
With a widow who brought lentils
because she said the silence of the hut
was sweeter than any temple.
With a child who stopped crying
when Tulsi Sahib touched his head.

It began with a presence
that could no longer be contained
within a single human life.

It began with simplicity.

Great missions do not begin as missions.
They begin as stillness taking form.

Foreshadowing the Flowering

Hathras was the soil.

His awakening was the seed.

The days of wandering were roots reaching downward
into an unknown eternity.

And now, slowly, quietly,
the seed began to break open.

Soon his words would become poems
that carried the Sound of the inner sky.
Soon seekers from across North India
would sit at the doorway of his hut
to hear him speak of the inner Light.
Soon the teachings of the hidden Master
would echo through his voice
and transform the spiritual landscape
of an entire region.

But all of that
was yet to come.

For now,
there was only a hut,
a saint,
a village,
and a silence
that had begun to glow.

Where the Master settles,
destiny begins to unfold.

INTERLUDE

Hathras — The Village of Radiance

The Land That Received a Saint

I. The Land That Lay Waiting

Before Tulsi Sahib’s presence transformed it,
Hathras was a small, earth-colored settlement
folded into the great northern plains.

It was neither famous nor forgotten—
simply one point among thousands
where wheat fields thickened under winter sun
and mustard flowers burned yellow in the cool
January wind.

The earth was soft and sandy here.
In summer, dust rose from the roads in pale spirals;
in monsoon months, the lanes turned to slow-moving rivers
of brown water and drifting straw.

A ring of neem, babul, and acacia trees
circled the outer edges of the village,
casting broken shade on the paths

where women carried water pots
and children chased goats.

The horizon was wide,
almost too wide—
a plain that seemed to dissolve
into the silence of distance.

And in that silence,
something ancient waited.

Some lands do not call loudly.
They wait for the one they are meant to receive.

II. The Rhythms of Village Life

Hathras moved according to the quiet, cyclical clock
of rural India:

Before dawn,
roosters cried beneath thatched roofs
and farmers walked toward fields
with sickles tucked in cotton waistcloths.

Women mixed cow dung and straw
to plaster courtyard walls,
their bangles ringing gently
as they worked in rhythmic arcs.

Potters shaped clay vessels
that dried slowly under the morning sun.
Weavers tightened the warp of cotton looms,
their feet tapping soft patterns on packed earth.

By midday,
whole lanes fell silent under the weight of heat.
Men rested in the shadows of old walls.
Children slept on woven charpoys.
Even the dogs curled beneath carts to escape the white glare.

Evening brought life back—
temple bells chimed with the return of cattle,
and cooking fires lit the air
with the scent of ghee, baked rotis,
and crushed coriander.

This was the world that met Tulsi Sahib
with unselfconscious simplicity—
unadorned,
untouched by intellectualism,
close to the earth,
close to the heart.

It was the perfect cradle
for a saint of interior truth.

III. The Spiritual Atmosphere Beneath the Ordinary

Though Hathras had no grand temples
and no famed centres of learning,
its soil was soaked with the footsteps of saints.

For centuries before Tulsi Sahib arrived,
wandering ascetics, fakirs, and silent yogis
had passed through at dawn or dusk,
pausing only long enough
to rest beneath neem trees
or drink from village wells.

Some stayed a night.
One or two stayed longer.
Most dissolved into the anonymity
from which saints love to operate.

But each left a trace—
a subtle vibration,
a quietness
that lingered in the dust
and the wind.

It was said by a few old villagers
that sometimes the air felt “full
as though someone had prayed nearby.”

In truth, Hathras was not spiritually empty.
It was spiritually **unclaimed**—
like a field waiting for the right seed,
the right moment,
the right presence.

Tulsi Sahib arrived
to fulfill that waiting.

The places chosen by saints
are chosen long before the saints arrive.

IV. Why a Saint Settles in an Unremarkable Place

Saints do not seek beauty.
Saints do not seek comfort.
Saints do not seek recognition.

They seek **resonance**.

They settle where:

- karma is ripe,
- seekers will find their way without advertisement,
- the land is quiet enough for inner Light to manifest,
- the air is soft enough for inner Sound to be heard,

- the people are simple enough to receive truth without twisting it into pride, ritual, or hierarchy.

Hathras was such a place.

Its very anonymity kept it pure.
Its silence kept it receptive.
Its humility allowed a great truth
to take form without distortion.

Tulsi Sahib did not choose Hathras.
Hathras chose Tulsi Sahib.

The hidden Master he met in the wilderness
prepared him inwardly.
Hathras prepared him outwardly—
not by instructing,
but by *being itself*.

Here the teachings would take shape
not as doctrine,
but as lived radiance.

V. The Invisible Roads Leading to Hathras

Though it appeared isolated,
Hathras lay at the quiet convergence
of several ancient footpaths:

- A pilgrim road that led from Mathura down into smaller village clusters.

- A trade route used by potters and grain merchants
  moving between Etah and Aligarh.
- A wandering path favored by ascetics
  who followed the rhythm of the inner call
  rather than the map.

These roads brought to Hathras
the kinds of people
who would later become Tulsi Sahib’s earliest disciples:

farmers with rough hands,
potters with cracked palms,
widows carrying silent grief,
young men disillusioned by ritual religion,
wandering seekers hungry for truth.

It was a crossroads
not of commerce,
but of longing.

A saint settles where longing gathers,
even before longing knows its own depth.

VI. The Texture of Hathras as Tulsi Sahib Found It

When he first walked through its lanes,
Tulsi Sahib would have seen:

- mud-walled homes with low doorways
- thatched roofs patched with straw
- a small mandir beneath the peepal tree
- a marketplace of woven mats and brass pots
- women drawing water from a deep, cool well
- farmers returning with oxen at twilight
- children with kohl-lined eyes
  playing with clay marbles
- and old men sitting in the shade
  discussing weather and crops
  with timeless patience.

There was no spiritual commotion.
No expectation.
No anticipation.

Just life,
simple and bare,
like a blank canvas waiting
for the first stroke of a divine brush.

VII. The Inner Atmosphere Tulsi Sahib Felt

For a saint, outer silence
is merely a doorway into inner silence.

Hathras had both.

As Tulsi Sahib rested beneath the neem tree
in his first nights there,
he felt:

- a stillness without sharpness
- a softness in the wind
- a subtle upward pull in meditation
- a widening inward space
- an absence of spiritual interference
- and a familiar resonance
  — as though this place was connected
  to his inward unfolding
  in a way he could not yet explain.

Hathras did not awaken him.
He arrived awakened.

But it embraced him.

It met the inner Light
with outer quiet.

It met the inner Sound
with outer spaciousness.

It met the inner radiance
with outer innocence.

And in that perfect meeting
between inner and outer,
Tulsi Sahib’s mission
began to take shape.

The place where a saint settles
becomes the outer form
of his inner state.

VIII. Why Hathras Became His Field of Teaching

When a saint becomes established inwardly,
the Master-Power chooses a place
where the teaching will blossom without resistance.

Hathras was ideal because:

- The villagers were humble.
- The land was gentle.
- The pace of life was slow.
- There was no spiritual competition.
- There was no pride, no institution, no dogma.

- There was room for truth
  to grow like a small plant
  under open sky.

More than all this—
Hathras possessed a **deep karmic openness**,
as though generations of silent longing
had prepared the soil.

Tulsi Sahib’s presence
did not “convert” Hathras.

It **fulfilled** Hathras.

The village became
not the place of his teaching,
but the ground where his silence
crystallized into poetry,
guidance,
radiance,
and grace.

IX. The Deepest Reason of All

We can speak of:

- geography,
- culture,
- receptivity,

- historical pathways,
- the convergence of footpaths,
- the softness of the land,

but these are only gentle hints
toward a truth too subtle for words.

The real reason Tulsi Sahib settled in Hathras
belongs to the hidden laws
of the Master-Power.

A saint settles where:

- a karmic debt must be fulfilled,
- a light must be placed,
- a lineage must be seeded,
- a soul must be reached,
- or where destiny
  has silently prepared a field
  for centuries.

Why Hathras?

Because the Master-Power
had arranged it so.

Because the land had been waiting.
Because the people had been prepared.

Because a hidden saint in the wilderness
had directed a luminous wanderer
to the exact point
where his life would flower
into one of the greatest radiances
in the history of northern India.

The places chosen by saints
are not chosen by saints.
They are chosen by the Power
that works through saints.

INTERLUDE

The Hidden Masters of India

The Unseen Lineage Behind All Visible Paths

In every age there are souls whose lives burn quietly,
hidden from the world,
known perhaps to only one or two people—
and sometimes to none at all.

They live in small huts,
in narrow lanes,
in forest clearings,
in unknown villages where no chronicle has ever reached.

Their work is inward.
Their mastery is silent.
Their presence is a lamp placed under a clay bowl
—
glowing, not seen.

India has always carried such souls in its breath.
They are the reason its soil feels ancient
even when one is young.

Some are householders.
Some are wandering ascetics.
Some appear ordinary in every outward way.

But within them
the regions of Light open like dawn unfolding
through many skies.
Within them
the Sound-current roars with the force of creation.
Within them
awakening has already happened.

They do not seek disciples.
Nor do they avoid them.
They simply live the truth
and the truth radiates.

Sometimes one of them will whisper
a single line of guidance
to a passing traveler.
Sometimes a young seeker will sit beside them
not knowing why he feels whole in their presence.

Sometimes their very silence
becomes initiation.

Their names rarely survive.
Their stories dissolve like mist in sunlight.
But their influence continues—
passed from heart to heart,
from gaze to gaze,
from presence to presence.

This is the hidden stream behind the visible river of Masters.
This is the deeper lineage
that cannot be recorded
because it is not transmitted by words.

A Master may receive the spark
from such a one
in a forest at dusk,
or beside a well at sunrise,
or in the humble courtyard of a stranger.

The outer world does not know.
But the inner world knows.

Tulsi Sahib’s own awakening
belongs to this deeper tradition.
He spoke rarely of his Master
because some relationships
are not meant for the marketplace of memory.
They are sacred beyond saying.

And just as rivers find the sea
whether traced or unnamed,
the power that awakened in him
entered the world quietly—
through a hut in Hathras,
through a few disciples,
and through the one child
who would later become
the radiant flame of Agra.

The Great Tradition does not begin in history.
It begins in the unseen.
And from time to time,
when the world is ready,
one of its torchbearers
steps out of anonymity
and becomes visible.

But only just enough
to guide those
who are longing for home.

CHAPTER SIX

The First Disciples and the Birth of the Teachings

How Radiance Attracts Without Calling

The Early Days of Gathering

Tulsi Sahib did not call anyone to him.
He never announced his presence,
never declared himself a saint,
never invited disciples.

He simply lived in his little hut—
quietly, austerely,
like a flame that does not know it is giving light.

And yet,
light is seen.

Within weeks of his settling in Hathras,
a few villagers began visiting him
for reasons they could not name.

A widow seeking comfort.
An elderly man whose sleep had become restless.
A young mother losing hope
over an ill child.
A farmer troubled by drought.
A wandering seeker
who sensed something unusual in the air.

Each came for outward reasons.

But something inward happened instead.

No one truly comes to a saint
for the reason they think they have come.

The First Conversations

At first, Tulsi Sahib spoke little.
His words were simple—
gentle reminders about patience,
duty,
forgiveness.

Sometimes he simply listened,
and listening itself became
a form of healing.

Gradually, villagers began returning
not for answers
but for the *silence* he carried—
a silence that soothed the mind
as effortlessly as cool water
soothes a burn.

A man who suffered from chronic worry
said he slept peacefully
for the first time in years
after sitting near Tulsi Sahib.

A woman whose heart was heavy
with grief
found herself weeping openly in his presence,
and afterwards felt mysteriously light.

Tulsi Sahib did not offer miracles.
He offered **presence**,
which is deeper.

Presently, word spread.

From Hathras,
to nearby hamlets,
to villages a day’s walk away.

People began arriving
without knowing why.

The teachings of a true saint
begin before the saint speaks.

The Hut Becomes a Shelter

By the second month,
the hut in Jogiya
began to feel like a sanctuary.

During the heat of the day,
people sat quietly in the shade outside.
In the evenings,
a soft glow from a small clay lamp
lit the doorway.

The atmosphere around the hut changed—
not visibly,
but inwardly.

Those who came said
the air felt “lighter,”
and they often left
walking more slowly
than they had arrived.

Tulsi Sahib continued to live
with the same simplicity—
sweeping the floor at dawn,
fetching water,
cooking small meals,
sitting for long hours in meditation.

Nothing dramatic.
Nothing extraordinary.

But silent radiance is the most extraordinary thing
of all.

The First True Seeker Arrives

One evening,
a young man from a nearby village
arrived at the hut
just as the sky deepened into indigo.

He was not a villager.
He was not burdened by worldly troubles.
He came because of a dream
in which he had seen
a man sitting in a hut
surrounded by a faint golden light.

He walked nearly ten miles
to find the place.

When he reached the hut
and saw Tulsi Sahib,
he stood still—
not shocked,
not fearful,
but deeply quiet.

He bowed,
not out of custom,
but from recognition.

Tulsi Sahib looked at him once,
and the young man felt
as if something long forgotten
had been remembered.

This was the first
of the **true disciples**—
those whose coming
was arranged by the Master-Power.

Not by teaching.
Not by persuasion.
Not by any outward influence.

Only by inner calling.

The Master does not choose disciples.
The disciples are led to the Master.

The Teachings Begin to Take Shape

Tulsi Sahib still spoke sparingly.
But now, when someone asked
about suffering,
he spoke of the inner Light.
When someone asked
about fear,
he spoke of the Sound
that protects within.
When someone asked
about heaven,
he spoke of journeying inward
through regions of clarity and bliss.
When someone asked
about love,
he said nothing—
but his silence
taught more than words could.

He did not quote scriptures.
He did not reference lineage.
He did not claim authority.

He spoke from experience.

He spoke from the depth
of the awakening he had received
in the wilderness.

His words came not from memory
but from **seeing**.

And soon,
the poetry that would later become
his immortal verses
began to stir in his heart.

Not written,
not composed,
but rising like fragrance
from a flower that had opened.

The teachings were being born.

Not through doctrine,
but through presence.

Not through instruction,
but through realization.

The Anonymous Disciples

The earliest disciples
did not know they were disciples.

They were:

a potter,
a farmer,
a young mother,
a widower,
a wandering sadhu
who sensed something deeper
than the practices he had followed for years.

None were educated.
None sought philosophy.
None cared for metaphysics.

They came because
their hearts recognized something
their minds could not name.

And Tulsi Sahib taught them
in the simplest way:

- through presence
- through silence
- through the radiance in his eyes
- through short, clear sentences
- through gentle stories

- through inner upliftment
- through the Sound
  that began to stir within them
  long before they understood it

This was the beginning
of the Hathras satsang.

Small.
Unpretentious.
Unclaimed.
Without institution.
Without structure.
Without division.

Just human beings
drawn toward Light.

Where there is truth,
structure forms itself around it
without effort.

The Teachings Deepen

As weeks turned into months,
those who came regularly
noticed a subtle change
in the way Tulsi Sahib spoke.

He began to speak of the inner path
with clarity and authority—
not as philosophy
but as lived reality.

He spoke of:

- the regions of subtle Light
- the inner guidance of the Master-Power
- the Sound-current that leads the soul upward
- the illusion of the outer world
- the preciousness of human birth
- the need for inner discipline
- the sweetness of divine remembrance
- the union beyond form
- and the destiny of the soul
  to return to its origin

His words did not carry the weight of scholarship.
They carried the weight of experience.

Everything he said
came from a place
where he had already been.

Everything he described
shone in his eyes
as he spoke.

The villagers did not understand the terminology.
But they understood the feeling.
And the feeling
was enough.

The Beginning of a Radiant Circle

Little by little,
a small circle formed around him—
people who came in the morning
before work,
or in the evening after chores,
just to sit in silence
or listen to a few sentences
that settled like blessings in the heart.

They did not call themselves disciples.
They did not form an order.
They did not create a name.

They simply gathered
because something in them
was being nourished.

Cracks of grief softened.
Old fears dissolved.
Eyes brightened.

Sleep deepened.
Hearts opened.

Tulsi Sahib remained silent
about who he was.
He never claimed authority.
He never referenced lineage.
He never asked for allegiance.

He simply allowed the Master-Power
to work through him
as quietly as dew forming
on grass at dawn.

The gathering was not arranged.
It was *awakened*.

Foreshadowing the Flowering

At this stage,
the teachings were still tender—
seedlings of a great tree
that would one day
shade thousands.

But already,
in the small hut in Hathras,
the Light of the inner sky
had begun to shine visibly.

Those who visited
left transformed.
Those who returned
returned with reverence.
Those who stayed
felt as if they had stepped
into a different world—
a world where the boundaries
of human suffering
began to loosen.

The disciple circle was forming—
not by human effort,
but by the quiet ripening
of destiny.

Soon,
the poetry would begin to flow.
Soon,
seekers from distant towns
would walk miles to meet him.
Soon,
the teachings would expand
like a lamp touched by dawn.

But for now,
there was only the beginning—
gentle, steady, luminous.

A saint’s mission begins
the moment the first heart
feels lifted into silence.

CHAPTER SEVEN

The Birth of the Poetry and the Voice of Realization

When Silence Begins to Speak in Verse

The First Movements of the Inner Voice

Poetry did not come to Tulsi Sahib as composition.
It rose within him like **a current**,
like fragrance moving through unseen air,
like the soft tremor of the inner Sound taking form in syllables.

For years he had spoken little.
His presence was his teaching.
His silence was his scripture.

But silence, when it ripens,
does not remain silent.

One evening, as the month of Phagun drifted toward its end,
a small group of villagers sat outside his hut,
the lamplight flickering across mud walls,
children dozing in their mothers’ laps,

farmers listening with the quiet attention of people
whose inward life has begun to wake.

Tulsi Sahib had been seated in meditation for a long time.
When he opened his eyes,
something in the atmosphere shifted —
as if the night itself leaned closer.

He spoke, not loudly,
not ceremonially,
but as one giving voice
to a truth that had ripened beyond containment.

And the first verse flowed from him
like water from a long-covered spring.

No one knew they were listening to
the beginnings of a scripture.
They simply felt something inside them loosen, expand,
grow clear.

The Inner Flame Takes Form

In the nights that followed,
the verses continued to arrive —
sometimes as simple couplets,
sometimes as intricate metaphors
of Light and Sound,

of the city within,
of the soul’s forgotten origin.

He did not “compose” them.
He revealed them.

Villagers began reciting them to one another
while grinding grain,
while carrying water from the well,
while walking to nearby fields
under the early morning stars.

Word spread.
People arrived asking not merely for comfort,
but for **teaching**.
They wanted to understand
why these verses, spoken in a quiet village hut,
made them feel
as if their entire life
had been a long forgetting
and these words were the first remembering.

The poetry did not flatter human emotion.
It pulled the listener inward —
toward subtler realms,
toward uncompromising truths,
toward the soundless Sound within.

In this way, Tulsi Sahib’s voice
became the instrument
for the first flowering
of Hathras satsang.

The Ghat Ramayana is Born in Spirit

Before there was a manuscript,
before there was a title,
before any disciple realized
they were hearing scripture,
there was only a saint
and his overflowing realization.

The verses that would later form
part of the **Ghat Ramayana**
first circulated as evening utterances,
spoken in firelight,
carried on the breath of villagers
who did not know
they were transmitting beginnings of a classic.

Some verses were:

- descriptions of inner Light
- praises of the Master-Power
- warnings against worldly attachment
- allegories of the journey through subtle regions
- calls to awaken the soul
- reflections on suffering and illusion
- tender reminders of the divine within

Others were revelations —
precise, crystalline,
illuminating the inner ascent
with a clarity rarely found in earlier Sant poetry.

He spoke of:

- Surati (the soul’s attention)
- the Shabd (unstruck Sound)
- the regions beyond the tenth gate
- the subtle ascendings of Light
- the luminous form of the Master within
- the supreme homeland from which the soul had fallen

The villagers did not understand the cosmology.
But they understood the feeling.
And the feeling changed them.

Gradually, some followers began writing down
the verses they remembered.
Others memorized them with devotion.
Within a few years,
the teachings existed both orally and in fragments
on palm-leaf or hand-copied manuscripts.

But the true scripture lived in the hearts of those
who experienced inner opening
by listening.

The Voice That Carried Light

Tulsi Sahib’s poetry was not gentle.
It was luminous.
It was uncompromising.
It was tender and fiery all at once.

He spoke of:

- the futility of ritual
- the hollowness of caste
- the blindness of book-worship
- the danger of pride
- the necessity of a living guide
- the supremacy of inner practice
- the sweetness of divine remembrance
- the immediacy of God within the human frame

But his voice was never harsh.
It was clear,
like sunlight through a narrow window

illuminating dust motes
that were there all along.

The villagers did not hear philosophy.
They heard invitation.
They heard truth that pierced gently
but thoroughly.

One elderly potter later said:

“When he speaks, I forget the world
and remember something inside me
that I had not known I had forgotten.”

This was the birth of the poetry.
This was the beginning of the inner scripture.

A Circle Gathers Around the Fire of Words

As the verses multiplied,
so did the circle of seekers.

They came from nearby villages —
from Sadabad, Sikandra Rao, Mursan,
even from the outskirts of Agra.

Some came out of curiosity.
Some out of longing.
Some out of sorrow.
Some out of destiny.

They sat on the earth,
barefoot,
listening to a man
who spoke as if the inner worlds
were as clear to him
as the fields outside the hut.

Sometimes he sat quietly,
eyes half-closed,
and the gathering remained silent with him.

Sometimes a verse rose like lightning:

“Awaken, O traveler of the inner sky.
The home you seek is within you.”

Other times a story came —
a parable,
a metaphor,
a playful teaching from the folk wisdom
of North India.

In every case,
he spoke not as a poet
but as one describing his own vision
in the simplest words available.

And the people listened
with the reverence
of those who know
they are hearing something
that will outlast their own lives.

The Seed of a Movement

Nothing outward changed in Hathras.
The fields remained fields.
The mud huts remained mud huts.
The village drum still beat at dawn and dusk.
Merchants still called prices in the bazaar.

But something subtle changed
in the atmosphere.

The people of Hathras began to carry
a different clarity in their eyes.
An inward stillness.
A new way of breathing.

It was as if the village
had been quietly rewritten
from inside.

And the verses,
like seeds carried by wind,
began moving outward —
reaching small market towns,
being sung by travelers,
recited by wandering sadhus,
eventually finding their way
to seekers far beyond the region.

The teaching was no longer a hut.
It was becoming a field —

vast, invisible,
spread across the hearts
of those who listened.

A Voice Preparing the Future

Tulsi Sahib did not know
—or did not care—
that he was laying the foundation
for a movement that would one day
reshape the spiritual landscape of North India.

He did not think in terms of:

- lineage
- mission
- scripture
- authority
- succession
- fame

He thought only of awakening souls.

But the poetry that flowed that year,
into the night air around the hut,
soon became the sacred foundation

upon which future generations
would build their understanding of the inner path.

These were not *poems*.
They were **portals**.

And in speaking them,
Tulsi Sahib opened doors
that others would walk through
for centuries to come.

Foreshadowing

The poetry has begun.
The atmosphere is charged.
The early disciples are forming.
The Sound-current is stirring in many hearts.

Soon:

- deeper teachings will emerge
- the inner cosmology will be fully revealed
- the circle will widen
- seekers from Agra will begin arriving
- and the destiny of the child named Shiv Dayal Singh
  will quietly enter the story

But for now,
there is only:

a saint speaking
and a village listening
as if hearing the soul’s own forgotten language.

When realization ripens,
speech becomes scripture,
and a hut becomes the axis
of an unseen world.

INTERLUDE — The Song of Awakening

A Bhajan of Tulsi Sahib

There were nights in Hathras when the hut seemed no larger than a lantern, but the light within it reached far beyond its walls. On such nights, when the air was still and the small clay lamp flickered against the mud plaster, Tulsi Sahib would speak not in prose, but in **song**—a stream of inner seeing shaped into verse.

Those who gathered did not know they were listening to scripture.
They only knew that something inside them stirred awake.

What follows is one such bhajan—simple in language, vast in depth.
It carries the fragrance of impermanence, surrender, and the shining road within.

****कोई नहिं अपना रे अपना, अरे यह जक्त रैन का सुपना।**

मिट्टी में मिट्टी मिल जैहै, पै है करम कलपना।**

Transliteration
Koi nahi apnā re apnā, are yaha jagat rain kā supnā.
Mitti mẽ mitti mil jāihai, pai hai karam kalpanā.

Translation
No one in this world is truly ours—
this whole creation is but a dream of a single night.
All dust returns to dust,
yet the mind keeps spinning illusions born of old karma.

Tulsi Sahib begins by dissolving our illusions of permanence. Dear ones, we hold the world tightly, but it is like grasping mist. When we see life as a dream, we stop leaning on shadows and begin seeking the One who never changes. This wisdom is not sadness—it is liberation.

Yet the mind continues weaving its stories, driven by old impressions. Karma builds one illusion after

another, keeping us wandering in the night. When clarity dawns, the longing for the Eternal awakens, and the soul begins its journey homeward.

****काया बिनस ख़बर नहिं दम की, जम की डगर डरपना॥**

बंधन जाल जुगन जम दैहैं, करिहैं काल थरपना।**

Transliteration
Kāyā binas khabar nahĩ dam kī, jam kī dagar ḍarapanā.
Bandhan jāl jugan jam daihaĩ, karihaĩ kāl tharapnā.

Translation
This body is perishing each moment, yet we know not even our next breath.
The path ruled by Yama is indeed fearsome.
For ages the soul lies caught in nets of bondage, and the lord of Time shakes the heart with dread.

The body is like a fragile vessel—useful but temporary. If we remembered this truth, our hearts would soften, our speech would become gentle, and humility would arise. Forgetfulness brings ego; remembrance brings wisdom.

Tulsi Sahib speaks not to frighten us, but to awaken us. When the soul is bound by desire and ignorance, Time appears terrifying. But when the soul attaches itself to the inner Sound, even Time

bows before it. This is the call to seek refuge while the breath still remains.

****छूटे जब सतगुरु चरनन पर, तन मन सीस अरपना॥**

लागी रहे बिरह संतन की, ज्यों जल मीन तड़पना।**

Transliteration
Chhoōṭe jab Satguru charanan par, tan-man-sīs arpanā.
Lāgī rahe birah santan kī, jyõ jal mīn taḍapanā.

Translation
Freedom dawns only at the Feet of the Satguru, when body, mind, and head are offered without reserve.
Then the ache of separation from the Beloved arises—
as a fish writhes in torment when taken from water.

True surrender is the offering of self-will—not the bending of the body, but the yielding of the mind. When a disciple gives everything, the Master reshapes the inner world. Liberation is given through Grace, not earned through effort.

And then comes the divine ache of separation—the most sacred of pains. Just as a fish cannot survive without water, the soul that has glimpsed the inner Nectar cannot live without remembrance. This

longing purifies; it prepares; it draws the Beloved near.

****सुंदर सुख सन्मुख सूरज के, सूरति अजपा जपना॥**

मारग मकर महल दरपन में, मन में माल परखना।**

Transliteration
Sundar sukh sanmukh sūraj ke, sūrati ajapā japnā.
Mārag makar mahal darpan mẽ, man mẽ māl parakhnā.

Translation
Turn your attention toward the inner Sun of bliss, letting remembrance flow naturally like the unspoken mantra.
On this path, examine the hidden residues of the mind,
for the palace of inner Light appears only in a purified mirror.

Commentary (Sant Kirpal Singh Ji)
The inner Sun is ever shining within you. When the soul withdraws from the senses, this Radiance appears of itself. Ajapā japa begins when remembrance becomes effortless—it is love breathing, not the lips chanting.

But vigilance is needed. The mirror of consciousness must be cleansed of subtle impurities. When the mind becomes still and pure,

the palace of inner bliss appears within. Tulsi Sahib speaks gently but uncompromisingly: without purity of heart, the inner sky remains hidden.

तुलसी मंजिल मूल कहाँ सूझे, बूझे एक हरफ़ ना॥

Transliteration
Tulsi manzil mūl kahã sūjhe, boojhe ek harf nā.

Translation
O Tulsi, how can the soul behold its true Home when it cannot grasp even one letter of the inner Word?

The “one letter” is not a syllable—it is the primal Sound within. Without attuning ourselves to this Shabd, how can we recognize the Home from which we came? Tulsi Sahib speaks from realization, yet with the humility of a true saint.

But his lament is an invitation. The Home is not distant; the Word is not hidden. All that is needed is purity, longing, and surrender. When the soul opens to the Sound-current, the Original Abode becomes self-revealing. Tulsi Sahib ends the bhajan by pointing directly to the Heart of the path.

A Quiet Return to the Narrative

And so, in the stillness of the Hathras night,
as the villagers returned to their homes
and the lamp in the hut dimmed to embers,
Tulsi Sahib’s words lingered in the air—

verses of awakening,
verses of remembrance,
verses that would echo across centuries
long after the mud walls crumbled.

The next chapter of his life
would unfold not in poetry alone,
but in the deepening of the teachings,
the shaping of disciples,
and the widening of the circle of Light
that was beginning to form around him.

CHAPTER EIGHT

The Deepening of the Teachings and the Inner Cosmology

Where the Unseen World Begins to Unfold

The Shift in the Gatherings

By this time the gatherings around Tulsi Sahib had grown—not in size, but in depth.
The villagers sat differently now.
They came with a certain inwardness, as if prepared for something they could not name.

The poetry had opened the door,
but it was his presence that drew them further inward.

When he spoke, the words no longer hovered only at the surface of life.
They moved below it—
into the hidden layers of the mind,
into the forgotten chambers of the soul.

People would say afterward:

“He speaks not to our ears,
but to a part of us we did not know was listening.”

The First Teachings of the Inner Regions

Tulsi Sahib did not unveil the entire inner cosmology at once.
He was gentle.
He waited until the disciples were ready,
until the quiet devotion in their eyes became steady enough
to receive the deeper truths.

Then, little by little,
he began to speak
in images that were humble
and yet vast:

- a flame glowing behind the forehead

- a door that opened without hinges
- a Sound heard without striking
- a Sun that shone without burning
- a river flowing upward
- a garden blooming inside the sky

No scriptures, no towers of theology—
just simple metaphors
that held entire universes within them.

And the villagers listened as if learning
the geography of a homeland
their souls dimly remembered.

The Journey of Light

One evening he spoke of the inner Light—
not as a vision,
but as a region.

He described:

- the soft luminosity that arises when attention turns inward
- the radiance that unfolds layer by layer

- the subtle realms that lie above wakefulness and dream
- the real sky within
- the guidance of the inner Master’s form
- and the point where light becomes sound

A farmer asked quietly,
“Is this heaven?”

Tulsi Sahib smiled.

“Heaven is an outer reflection.
The true realms lie inside.
What you see outside
is but the shadow of what lies within.”

For the first time,
the people of Hathras realized
that the hut in which they sat
was less a room
and more a threshold.

The Sound That Draws the Soul

Later he began to speak of the **Shabd**—
the current of Sound
that sustains all creation.

He spoke without ceremony,
as one describing the most natural of truths:

- a humming like distant bees
- a flute-like sound in deep meditation
- the ringing of subtle bells
- the roar like the ocean
- the soundless Sound beyond all sounds

He explained how the soul,
forgetful for lifetimes,
is slowly awakened by this inner current.

“The Sound is the true Mother,”
he said.
“It nurses the soul
when the world has forgotten it.”

Some listeners wept without knowing why.
Others felt an unfamiliar thrill—
a stirring of something ancient.

For Tulsi Sahib’s words were not philosophy.
They carried the charge of experience.

Those who were ripe
felt the inner door tremble.

The Fourfold Teaching Emerges

As weeks passed,
his teachings began to take a clear shape—
not through instruction,
but through repetition,
through the rhythm of his nightly discourses.

A fourfold pattern emerged:

1. **Detachment from the fleeting world**
2. **Turning the attention inward**
3. **Uniting with the inner Light**
4. **Ascending through the Sound-current**

But Tulsi Sahib never presented it as a system.
It was more like a map whispered at dusk,
meant only for those
who truly wished to travel.

A map that would later
become the foundation
of the Sant Mat teachings
we know today.

A Question Asked in Hesitation

One night a young man asked,
“Master, these realms you describe…

are they open to all,
or only to saints?”

Tulsi Sahib looked at him gently,
his voice soft and steady:

“They are open
to anyone
who longs for them
more than for the world.”

And then:

“The gate does not open with learning.
It opens with purity and longing.”

These words created
an almost physical stillness in the room.
People later said it felt
as if the air held its breath.

A Quiet Transmission

As the teachings deepened,
those closest to him
began to sense something else—
something not spoken.

A presence
behind his presence.
A power
behind his simplicity.

He did not speak of his own awakening.
He did not speak of his Master.
He did not speak of lineage.

But in his eyes
one could see
a depth that did not belong to this world.

Villagers who sat near him
sometimes reported
a soft vibration
beginning behind their ears,
or a subtle glow
appearing in meditation
even when their eyes were open.

Tulsi Sahib said little about these things.

He simply reminded them:

“Walk steadily.
The inner guide will come
when the heart becomes clear.”

The First Inner Experiences Among the Disciples

Around this time,
the earliest disciples
began to have gentle inner openings:

- flashes of light

- glimpses of flowing radiance
- a ringing in the head
- a sense of expansion
- moments of profound stillness
- dreams filled with color and instruction

They would approach him quietly,
their voices hushed,
asking if these experiences meant anything.

He would listen,
nod slowly,
and speak only a sentence or two:

“Be humble.”

“Do not speak of this outside.”

“Remain steady in practice.”

“The seed has begun to sprout.”

His guidance was always simple,
always inward,
always free from excitement.

For spiritual openings
were not events to discuss,
but currents to deepen.

The Promise of a Path

By the end of that season,
the villagers of Hathras
knew that something extraordinary
was unfolding around them.

Tulsi Sahib was no longer merely
a renunciant,
a wanderer,
or a poet.

He had become
the doorway into the inner world.

And though he never announced it,
never proclaimed it,
never wore it outwardly—

those who sat near him
felt the unmistakable truth:

A path was being opened.
A lineage was being prepared.
A current was being anchored.

The hut was small.
But the Light within it
was becoming vast.

And soon,
seekers from beyond Hathras
would begin to arrive—
drawn not by rumor,
but by the silent longing
stirred by the Master-Power itself.

INTERLUDE

The Nature of the Inner Light and Sound

The Two Pillars of the Soul's Return

Before the teachings in Hathras grew deeper,
before Tulsi Sahib spoke openly of the inner journey,
those who sat near him often felt
a gentle stirring within themselves—
a soft radiance behind the eyes,
a faint music in the hush of meditation.

These experiences came not because the mind understood,
but because the soul remembered.

For the path he taught
rests on two ancient pillars—
the pillars known to every realized being
since the beginning of time:

Light
and
Sound.

They are not metaphors.
They are not symbols.
They are not products of imagination.

They are the primordial forces
from which creation arises
and to which every soul must one day return.

The Inner Light

The Light is the first home of the soul—
a radiance that does not burn,
a sky that does not end,
a subtle brilliance
that draws the attention inward
as naturally as dawn draws flowers open.

Those who glimpse it
even for a moment
feel a sweetness without reason,
a peace without object,
a presence that seems
both intimate and immense.

The saints say
that this Light
is the soul’s own reflection.

When attention gathers
and the senses grow still,

the gates of that inner radiance
begin to open.

This is why Tulsi Sahib spoke so often
of turning the eyes within,
of withdrawing the scattered currents of the mind,
of sitting in quiet inwardness
until the Light appears
of its own accord.

Nothing in the outer world
can compare with it.
The beauty of sunrise,
the glow of fire,
the shimmer of jewels—
all are only pale echoes
of the brilliance
hidden just behind the veil
of human consciousness.

The Inner Sound

If the Light is the doorway,
the Sound is the path.

For within every being
there flows a current—
subtle, powerful, eternal—
the Sound that is not struck,
the music that is not heard
with the physical ear.

It hums in meditation
like distant bees,
rings like tiny bells,
resounds like a conch,
roars like an ocean,
and at last becomes
a single, all-pervading vibration
that draws the soul upward
as a river draws water toward the sea.

This Sound
is the hidden pulse of creation.
Mountains rise from it,
stars revolve upon it,
and all beings live
because of its ceaseless flow.

When Tulsi Sahib spoke of it,
he did so with the quiet certainty
of one who had traveled upon it
to the very source.

The Sound is the Master within.
The Sound is the Guide.
The Sound is the Path.
The Sound is the Home.

And those who learn
to place their attention upon it
discover that nothing in the world
can bind them anymore.

Why the Saints Teach These Things

The saints do not reveal Light and Sound
to amaze or to instruct.
They reveal them
so the soul may remember
its own origin.

They do not speak of technique
so much as orientation—
a turning away from illusion,
a turning toward what is real.

When Tulsi Sahib prepared his early disciples
for the deeper teachings,
he did not analyze
or lecture
or persuade.
He simply brought them
to the edge of their own being
and allowed the dawn to rise.

For when the Light appears
and the Sound awakens,
the soul itself
begins to walk home.

And every chapter that follows
is simply the story
of that homecoming.

CHAPTER NINE

The Circle Widens — The Arrival of Seekers From Afar

How the Call Reaches Beyond Hathras

A Quiet Expansion

The hut in Jogiya remained small.
It never grew.
Tulsi Sahib never enlarged it, never constructed a hall, never sought a wider audience.

Yet the space around him expanded
as if stirred by an unseen wind.

People began to arrive
not only from Hathras
but from distant villages:

- Sadabad
- Mursan
- Barai
- Sikandra Rao
- Hathiya

- and even from roads leading toward Agra.

They did not come because of publicity.
There were no announcements,
no disciples sent out to preach,
no invitation of any sort.

They came because something in their hearts
had begun to stir,
and they walked until that stirring brought them
to a mud hut glowing softly in the dusk.

The First Pilgrims

The earliest pilgrims did not know each other.
They arrived singly,
quietly,
sometimes even shyly.

A cloth merchant who had lost his youngest son.
A young woman troubled by a restless mind.
A wandering sadhu disappointed by ritual.
A farmer who saw Tulsi Sahib in a dream
and followed the memory of that vision
until it led him to Hathras.

Each carried a burden,
but what they found was not consolation
so much as **clarity**.

Tulsi Sahib did not solve their problems.
He dissolved their illusions.

He did not comfort the ego.
He comforted the soul.

And this difference
is what kept them returning.

The Teaching Takes a Clearer Shape

With the arrival of seekers from beyond the village,
his teaching naturally deepened.

He began to speak more openly—
though still without ceremony—
about the path of return.

He described:

- the gathering of attention
- withdrawal from the senses
- entry into the inner Light
- the guidance of the radiant form
- the ascent through subtle skies
- and the call of the Sound-current
  that runs like a secret river through creation.

The villagers heard metaphors.
The seekers heard directions.
The ripe ones heard a call.

And Tulsi Sahib continued speaking
in the same quiet voice,
never treating any seeker as higher or lower,
never revealing how far they had come
or how far they might go.

He simply taught
as a tree gives shade—
naturally, without effort.

The Lantern on the Road to Agra

One evening, a group of travelers from Agra arrived—
not as a delegation,
but as individuals whose paths had converged
without knowing why.

They had heard nothing concrete about a saint.
Only rumors:

“There is one in Hathras
who speaks of the inner world
as if he has seen it.”

Among these travelers
were two men

destined to play quiet roles
in future chapters of the Great Tradition:

- a cloth-dealer whose household would later host gatherings
- and an elderly merchant
  who would tell his children
  of the saint who looked into his eyes
  “as if seeing through lifetimes.”

They did not know,
and Tulsi Sahib never said,
that among their families
a child would one day be born
who would become
the next great bearer of this Light.

In this way,
destiny began to braid its threads
long before anyone recognized the pattern.

Agra did not yet know it,
but its future had begun walking toward Hathras.

The Strange Familiarity

Many seekers reported
a peculiar feeling when they first saw Tulsi Sahib.

Not awe.
Not excitement.
Not fear.

Something deeper:
recognition.

As if they were seeing someone
they had known all along.

As if they had walked toward this meeting
through lifetimes of wandering.

A potter from Mahaban described it best:

“When I sat before him,
I felt as if I had come home
from a very long journey.”

This sense of ancient familiarity
was the hallmark
of those destined to walk the inner way.

Tulsi Sahib never drew attention to it.
He simply allowed the souls
who were ready
to find their way to him.

A Luminous Simplicity

Despite the widening circle,
Tulsi Sahib’s life remained unchanged.

He fetched his own water.
He swept the hut each morning.
He cooked small meals
and shared them freely
without distinguishing between guests and disciples.

He wore simple cotton clothes.
He avoided the gaze of praise.
He never asked for offerings,
never claimed authority,
never allowed reverence to inflate around him.

If someone tried to fall at his feet,
he would lift them gently
and say only:

“Let your heart bow within.”

Those who witnessed this
felt themselves becoming humble
without being told to be humble.

His simplicity
was itself a form of teaching.

The Inner Eyes of the Elder Seekers

As months passed,
the elder seekers

began to show signs
of quiet transformation.

Not miracles.
Not ecstasy.
Nothing dramatic.

Something subtler:

- a peace in their eyes
- a glow around their presence
- a softening of the voice
- a deepening of patience
- a new steadiness in meditation
- and a growing capacity for silence

They were changing
without knowing they were changing—
as fields turn green
without hearing the sound of rain.

And Tulsi Sahib watched,
silent and watchful,
guiding their growth
with the gentlest of hands.

The Blossoming of the Sangat

By the end of this period,
a small but radiant circle had formed:

- villagers,
- travelers,
- wanderers,
- seekers from nearby towns,
- and a few early pilgrims
  from the vast city of Agra.

There was no structure.
No leadership.
No titles.
No sense of a “mission.”

Just a quiet, growing warmth
of human beings drawn
to a single flame.

Some came daily.
Some weekly.
Some only once—
but their lives were never the same.

The hut remained humble.
But the space around it
had become a sanctuary.

Foreshadowing — A Wind Begins to Move

Around this time,
without fanfare,
a subtle shift occurred.

A wind seemed to move between Hathras and Agra
—
a current not of rumor
but of remembrance.

In Agra,
in a modest household filled with devotion,
a young child had begun showing
a strange inwardness,
a depth not common for his age.

He would sit quietly
while others played.
He seemed to listen
to something within.

His parents,
disciples of Tulsi Sahib,
had once heard from the saint’s lips:

“A great soul will take birth
in your home.
Care for him well.”

The child’s name
was **Shiv Dayal Singh**.

He was now a few years old.
And destiny was shifting.

But Hathras did not yet know it.
Tulsi Sahib did not speak of it.
The circle simply continued to grow
around the flame
that burned quietly in Jogiya.

And the road between Hathras and Agra,
which had once been only dust and distance,
had become a path of the Spirit—
invisible, inevitable,
awaiting its next chapter.

INTERLUDE

Agra in the Early 1800s — A City Preparing Without Knowing

The Soil from which a Saint Would Rise

Before Agra became a name whispered by seekers around the world,
it was a city of red sandstone and quiet devotion,
a place where outer splendor
and inner yearning
lived side by side.

The Yamuna flowed along its eastern edge,
wide and slow,
carrying stories from the Himalayas to the plains.
Farmers washed their oxen in its shallows.
Women filled brass pots at dawn.
Children played along its banks
as kites wheeled lazily overhead.

But beneath this familiar surface
lay a deeper atmosphere
that only those with awakened hearts could feel.

The Echo of the Mughal Dream

Even in decline,
the memory of the Mughals lingered in the city's bones:

- crimson sandstone arches
- latticed windows that filtered morning light
- narrow lanes echoing with Persian phrases
- courtyards where poets once recited ghazals to the moon

But the glory had softened.
The palaces had grown quieter.
A gentler dream now lived in the city—
not of empire,
but of inwardness.

For Agra had begun turning its gaze
from royal courts
to the sanctuaries of devotion.

Houses Where Scriptures Were Breath

In certain homes tucked behind narrow alleys,
one could find the sacred recitation of Jap Ji Sahib
at dawn.
Old men sat cross-legged with the Granth Sahib
open before them.
Women hummed verses of Raho Ras while
preparing the morning meal.
Sufi fakirs wandered the markets singing of divine
love
in Urdu and Braj.
Vaishnava devotees gathered in temple courtyards
to chant the names of Krishna.

The city was a mosaic of devotion—
not loud,
not outwardly dramatic—
but steady,
deep,
and quietly alive.

The Spiritual Undercurrent

Agra was a crossroads
not only of commerce and culture
but of seeking.

Travelers from Mathura, Vrindavan, Hathras, and Aligarh
passed through its bazaars.
Sadhus rested under neem trees near the city gates.
Caravan routes brought stories
of saints in faraway towns.

And in this atmosphere,
there existed a subtle, sensitive readiness—
a sense that something was approaching,
something invisible
yet unmistakably near.

A City Preparing Without Knowing

In one modest neighborhood,
in one modest home,
a husband and wife lived with deep piety.

They were disciples of a saint from Hathras—
the one whom villagers called *Dakhani Baba*.
They walked to Hathras barefoot
whenever longing overtook them,
the dust of the road clinging to their enthusiasm.

In their home, devotion was not ritual
but breath.
The Granth Sahib was read each morning.
Meditation was practiced quietly in the still hours.
Guests were served with humility.
Children were taught reverence

not by words
but by example.

They did not know
that their home
was being prepared for a soul
who would one day awaken
the sleeping hearts of thousands.

They did not know
that the saint of Hathras
would prophesy the arrival of that soul
long before the birth took place.

Agra itself did not know—
as no city knows—
when a great light is about to descend.

But the air felt charged.
The devotion in certain homes
grew unexpectedly deep.
A softness entered the streets
near Punni Gali.
A hush clung to the mornings.
Something unnameable
was settling over the city.

The Invisible Bridge to Hathras

Between Agra and Hathras
lay only miles of dusty road—
fields, mango orchards,

villages with mud walls,
women drawing water from wells.

But spiritually
there was already a bridge
made not of earth
but of longing.

A bridge woven from:

- the parents’ devotion
- the saint’s prophecy
- the vibration of Tulsi Sahib’s teachings
- and the destiny of a child
  who would soon incarnate
  within these red sandstone lanes.

Agra was becoming,
quietly and without any outward sign,
the cradle of a soul
whose inner life
would illuminate the next chapter
of the Great Tradition.

And the city waited—
not consciously,
not expectantly—
but with the stillness
of an oil lamp
just before the flame is lit.